Milan, Italy, Wed, May 8th 1889.

My Dear Wife: I do not like to write to you with a pencil, but I guess I cannot well do otherwise to-night.
I got to Milan about 7 o'clock this evening. I selected a hotel from Baedeker's Guide Book, and I think I made an admirable choice. They have no table d'hote, only a restaurant. That is so much pleasanter. Where they have a table d'hote, they hardly treat you civil, unless you take breakfast and dinner with them. Their dinners are usually at 7 o'clock. I do not like to eat so late in the evening, and then I dont like their cooking of some things.
I did not strike so good a hotel at Genoa last night. It was cloudy and drizzling this morning so that I did not have a pleasant time there. I walked around a while and then got a cab and drove around the upper part of the city. The bay is semi-circular, and most of the city is built on steep hill-sides.
I found nothing very special there. I left Genoa for Milan at one o'clock. It rained a little all afternoon.
I have not seen much of Milan yet, but so far as I have seen, it is the finest city I have been in yet. The newer streets are wide and beautifully paved, the buildings are fine, the stores far surpass anything in that line I have ever seen, and the Cathedral is a marvel of beauty. I do not much wonder that the inhabitants of Milan call it the Eighth Wonder of the world.
Of course I am speaking of the External appearance. I have not been in it yet. I do hope it will be clear in the morning so that I can enjoy the view from the tower. The plains of Lombardy are beautiful — look like the plain around Pisa of which I spoke in my letter last night.
I am not certain yet about when I will get to Paris. I may go up to the Italian lakes Friday and Saturday, and come back and stay here over Sabbath. I went to the Post Office first thing when I got here this evening, but did not find a letter. I may get one to-morrow.
I will try to finish this some time to-morrow.
Good night, with much love.